# UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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## The Star and Chronicle.

**MONDAY, OCT. 31, 1859.**

### LET US THINK A LITTLE.

The attempt of a score of infatuated persons at Harper's Ferry to combat and overthrow the National and State Governments, is nothing so very strange. We need not go back to the "horrors of St. Domingo" or other West India Islands, or to other parts of the world, in past centuries, nor need we recount the alarms and agonies caused by Slavery before our Revolutionary War—collisions of Despotism with Liberty, as woful and horrible to the enslaver as to the enslaved. We will commence with the close of the Revolution, and revive a memory of *some* of the real, alarming rebellions, of responsible men, not all caused by Slavery, but some by other alleged or real evils.

**Shay's Insurrection,**

In New England, about 1785, at one time numbered some *Two Thousand* men in arms. It was suppressed, after much alarm, and with considerable address. [This, of course, was all owing to the Black Republican party...albeit, the party did n't then exist!]

**The Whiskey Insurrection,**

In 1792, '3, extending nearly fifty miles around Pittsburg in every direction, embraced, it is estimated, *Seven Thousand fighting men*—"shrieking," not for Liberty, nor for Niggers, but for Free Liquors! An open rebellion against the General Government was organized—her officers were maltreated, banished, tarred and feathered—their houses burned—men were shot, and mortally wounded—regular sieges were laid—the U. S. Mail was robbed—public property was "appropriated," or stolen—and every evil thing was done that mad whiskey could suggest. The insurgents deliberately shot dead the venerable Major M'Farland, an officer in the Revolutionary War, while he was bearing a flag of truce! Gen. Washington, with an army of 15,000 men, took the field, and suppressed the rebellion, which covered several months. Some of the guilty leaders fled, but others were tried and convicted, yet we believe no one was finally executed. [This, also, must be charged to the fanatics, Greely, Fremont & Co., even though they had not yet been born! No matter for that—charge it to them! some fools will believe it!]

**John Fries' Rebellion**

Broke out in 1799, when some thirty men in Lehigh and adjoining counties of Penn'a were tried for repeated, forcible and successful resistance to U. S. officers enforcing a direct tax. Fries was convicted of treason, and sentenced to be hung, but was pardoned by John Adams, then President. Others were condemned to milder punishments, which they suffered. One of the most active persons convicted, was Jacob Eyerman, a German preacher. [There is no doubt but Beecher, Kalloch, Cheever and other "political parsons" of our day, were *remotely* the instigators of Fries' and Eyerman's operations, even if they did not appear in public until thirty years afterwards! Lay it to Beecher—he can stand it!]

**The Southampton Massacre.**

In the Summer of 1831, in the South-Eastern part of Virginia, a slave named *Nat Turner*, with no aid from or communication with the whites, planned and executed an uprising which spread universal and long-continued terror through all Slavedom. He claimed (as Brown does) to act with Divine authority—but, being more sane than Brown is, he planned with greater sagacity, and hundreds or thousands of slaves flew to his standard, according to previous arrangements. His career was brief, but bloody, and we think it cost 80 or 100 human lives.

Virginia, soon after, held a Convention, to amend her Constitution. Then, Emancipation was powerfully urged, and stronger or more eloquent denunciations of Slavery were never uttered than in that Convention. It failed by a small majority: but 'Southampton' and 'Nat Turner' are names that still make stout hearts quail, and bright checks blanch with fear. [Beyond all cavil, Nat Turner got his idea of the "irrepressible conflict" from Seward's Rochester speech, although the latter was only published 27 years afterwards! However, for political effect, we will allege that it was Seward who caused it!]

**Murrell, the Land Pirate.**

From a book published in 1836 by the Harpers, it appears that in 1835 one *John A. Murrell* was ferreted out (by Virgil A. Stuart) as the head of a company, embracing from 15 to 60 chosen men (whites, it is inferred) in nearly every Slave State, whose chief business was to steal and sell slaves. They had for years been engaged in this and worse business, stopping at no crime—but, as was alleged, were maturing a general insurrection (hoping to gain immense wealth by plunder during the confusion) when they were exposed. Murrell was imprisoned, when we believe he died. Then, in various parts of the South, suspected men, blacks and whites, were put to the torture to compel them to make confessions, which some did, while others (whites) refused, and were murdered, protesting their innocence to the last! [Weak-minded and weak-kneed Democrats are to believe that "the Chronicle clique" was in this scheme. To be sure, it was confined to the Slave States, but telegraphing could have been resorted to; and even if the Telegraph had not then been invented, they might have communicated by an imaginary or underground medium. Put it on 'em, any way—somebody may swallow the story!]

**Every Few Months,**

In some part of the South, among one or the other or both colors, greater or lesser "disturbances of the relation" are thought of, attempted, or accomplished. Happily, they are generally easily suppressed. Yet the power and disposition of crushed humanity to throw off the yoke, increase as numbers and intelligence prevail.

**THE MORAL OF IT ALL.**

Since oceans of human blood have been shed through Slavery—since it causes all implicated in it to quiver with constant fear and excitement—and since such alarms do not assail Free States...every impulse of humanity, of religion, of patriotism, of true statesmanship, of sound philanthropy, and of common sense, demands that THE CAUSE OF INSURRECTIONS AND SERVILE WARS SHALL NOT BE EXTENDED!

### The Old Knight's Treasure.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Sir John was old, and grim, and gray;
The cares of sixty years he bore;
The charm of youth had withered away
From his iron features long before.
In his dull old house of blackened stone,
With servants quaint, and tried, and few—
For many a year he had lived alone,
As the harsh, and the cold, and the heartless do.

There was plate on his sideboard—plate of price;
His pouch had ruddy gold at need;
And twenty men might well suffice
The lands he held by power and deed.
He had lived—the world said—much too long,
Had sold his heart for wealth and power;
And tales, they thought, of bygone wrong,
Would be wailed, too late, at his dying hour.

Beside the bed of grim Sir John—
The quaint, old, faded bed of state—
Where, in the centuries dead and gone,
Had slept gray heads with a diadem's weight—
Beside his bed, and near at hand
To his easy-chair of oaken wood,
Fastened and strapped with bar and band,
A huge black casket ever stood.

No friend of his—they were far and few—
Had ever seen the opened lid;
Not even the tongue of a servant knew
What thing of wealth the casket hid.
'Twas rumored, that, at dead of night,
When shut and barred were window and door,
It opened to the old man's sight;
But that was rumor—nothing more.

Eyes glanced upon it, quick and keen,
And minds with doubt impatient swelled;
What could these years of mystery mean?
What could be the wealth the casket held?
'Twas wondrous wealth—so much, knew all;
For those bold words the covering crossed:
"Remember, all, if harm befall,
Save *this*, whatever else is lost!"

Perhaps the red gold nestled there,
Loving and close as in the mine,
Or diamonds lit the sunless air,
Or rubies blushed like bridal wine;
Some giant gem, like that which bought
The half of a realm in Timour's day,
Might here, beyond temptation's thought,
Be hidden in safety: who could say?

Sir John was dead. The needy heirs
Followed close and thick behind his bier,
Blending disgust at the tedious prayers
With a proper sob and a decorous tear;
And scarce the sound of feet had died,
Closing the vault for his mouldering rest—
When rung the chisel—opening wide
That strange, old, guarded treasure chest.

What found they? Faces darkened and frowned,
And curses smothered under the breath,
As the heavy lid wasat last unbound,
And the heirs expectant looked beneath.
Not an acre—not a banquet more
Would all the wealth of the casket buy!
No wonder their faces this anger wore
That curled the lip and flashed the eye.

What found they? Top, and whip, and ball,
And knife, and cord—each veriest toy
That makes, through years of childhood, all
The merrier life of the bright-eyed boy!
For thirty years that lonely man
Had held—oh, dearer than honors won,
Than the wealth that into his coffers ran—
The toys of his buried baby son!

Oh, human love! oh, human grief!
Ye make your places wide and far;
Ye rustle in every withered leaf,
Ye are heard, perhaps, where the angels are!
In the coldest life may rise some wail
O'er broken hopes and memories fond:
God help us, when we set the pale
That leaves one human heart beyond!

**Hints for the Season.**

The warmer and dryer you keep your domestic beasts, the less feed will they require. Be merciful to them, and you will make money. Get them covered and shielded from rain, snow and fierce winds.

Copperas dissolved in water and sprinkled (not with the hand) where rats and mice do run, drives them away very fast.

Beef must sell 20 per cent. higher than mutton to be as profitable.

There is no better manure than leaves, so easily obtained.

See that your winter's wood is dry and under cover.

Protect your cellars, wells, &c., against a hard winter—it may come.

Sow lettuce, &c., for an early spring crop.

☞ The *Atlantic Monthly* for Nov. has the following from Dr. OLIVER W. HOLMES, the Orator of the Breakfast Table.

### HYMN OF TRUST.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

[Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.]

### From a Student in Europe—No. 1.

BERLIN, Oct. 1, 1859.

As you see, I have arrived safely at my destination, and on this—the first day of "the month of the sere and withered leaf"—hail from the banks of the Spree, in the realms of his majesty the king of Prussia.

It would be folly to attempt to give the details of my voyage to Liverpool, or even to describe the principal incidents of the passage, as it would occupy too much of your paper, and perhaps be uninteresting to your readers. The truth is, accounts of voyages are so common, now-a-days, that unless they are filled with amusing and startling incidents, well-sandwiched, they are apt to digest with difficulty. Besides, the various little occurrences which excite an interest in the minds of those subject to the monotonous routine of ship-life—and very trifling things serve to give variety—can not, when recounted, have the same effect upon persons uninfluenced by the same circumstances. You will therefore excuse me when I merely say, that we had a very pleasant passage, of eleven days and a quarter, in the "City of Washington," including the detention at Cork to land passengers. Our accommodations were everything that could have been asked, and our cabin passengers, of whom there were forty, comprising persons of six different countries, soon became acquainted with each other, and, before dropping anchor in the Mersey, many friendships had been formed, whose remembrance will always be cherished with pleasure.

Once landed, our friends the Custom House officers took the trouble to see that our luggage was all right, for which, as they were not at all overpowering in their attentions, we felt truly grateful. Like some of our Western "Injuns," their first cry was for "baccah;" but, on telling them I had none, they kindly passed my trunk, barely looking into it. By a little misunderstanding in regard to the time of the London trains, I had several hours to spend in Liverpool, and through the kindness of one of our passengers—a Scotchman, well acquainted with the place—I was enabled to see the principal objects of interest in the city. Among these are the Docks, known all over the world for their extent and solidity of construction—the Nelson Monument—the Exchange—and St. George's Hall, which, besides other things, contains the finest lecture and music hall I have ever seen.

In company with two young Americans, passengers by the City of Washington, who were going to Paris to study for the priesthood, I came from Liverpool to London, by the Great Western Railway. Our route lay through, or rather by, the ancient town of Chester—a very quaint-looking place, well known in the Welch border wars, and still surrounded by a wall in a good state of preservation. At Birmingham, we stopped for the night. For some miles before reaching it, the road is literally lined with furnaces and forges, whose glare lit up the sky, producing the appearance of a grand conflagration. From Birmingham, the train took us, next morning, to London—a distance of 130 miles—in three hours. This is not an uncommon rate on English roads, some of the express trains running at the greater speed of fifty miles an hour: and yet, the roads are so firmly constructed, and ably managed, that there are seldom any accidents. The scenery, along the whole route, is extremely beautiful. Everywhere are neatly-trimmed hedges, beautiful clumps of trees of fantastic appearance, smothly-sodded banks, and graceful cottages surrounded by the most elegant shrubbery. Every foot of ground bears the marks of cultivation. In some places, farmers were still busy with their hay, and we saw a number of women in the fields, assisting to spread the grass out to dry. One we observed engaged in the more laborious occupation of scattering manure.

Arrived in London, I scarcely knew how to employ the time of my stay to the best advantage. In so large a city—in comparison with which, New York is only a moderate sized town—and where there are so many monuments of interest to be seen, one feels utterly confused, at first, and knows not what direction to take. As my stay was to be limited to a week, there was no time to lose; so, having taken lodgings in the very heart of the city, beneath the blackened dome of St. Paul's, and armed myself with a "shilling Handy Book," I sallied forth to "see the sights." Mingling with the tide which flows along Cheapside towards the river, I soon stood upon London Bridge, where one can get some idea of the topography of the city, and of its immense population. Over this bridge there pass, from daylight till ten o'clock at night, three dense processions of vehicles of every kind, two going the same way, while the footwalks on either side are so crowded with pedestrians that it is almost impossible to get along. From ten o'clock till morning, the travel continues, but of course greatly diminished. Standing on the bridge, one can see the Tower of London, the monument in commemoration of the great fire of 1666, St. Paul's, and several other prominent structures, which serve as landmarks in his wanderings through the great city. Having learned by inquiry the direction to Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, &c., I was prepared to be my own guide to all the places of most importance.

One of the first which I visited, was the Abbey, where repose the ashes of most of England's sovereigns, down to a recent period, and where the greatest of the English poets and statesmen are either buried, or have statues and inscriptions to their memory. A part of this structure—particularly the cloisters—is of great age, and contains tombs of abbots dated as far back as 1000. Within the main edifice, which is of later erection, and near the entrance, is a tablet with the inscription, "Heare lyes (expecting the Second comminge of our Savior Christ Jesus) the body of Edmond Spencer, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose Divine Spirrit needs noe othir witnesse then the works which he left behinde him. He was borne in London in the yeare 1553, and died in the yeare 1598." Near him are tablets to Milton, Southey, Dryden, Gay, and other master spirits of poesy. In these, I took more interest than in the older and more costly tombs of the kings and queens, though these too are full of interest to one versed in English history. In different parts of the Abbey, are the tombs of statesmen and nobles of more or less distinction—Pitt, Fox, Burke, and a whole catalogue of others. On one of the walls, is a large tablet, containing, besides an inscription to Major André, a representation in relief of his delivery up to the Americans. On the floor of one of the chapels, and apart from the other great writers, is a tablet to the memory of Addison, on which is inscribed:

"No'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
Oh, gone for ever! take this last adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague."

I might fill several sheets with accounts of the various chapels, and the tombs of the illustrious dead which they contain, but forbear. The general appearance of the interior of the building, is imposing in the extreme, and well calculated to impress one with a feeling of reverence for so sacred a place.

Leaving Westminster Abbey, I visited the new Houses of Parliament, which are lavishly ornamented with mosaic work, gilding, frescoes, and statues. On leaving the Abbey, a guide or hanger-on had button-holed me, and after going through the Houses, he offered to take me to see the Funeral Car of the Duke of Wellington—all this, of course, in the expectation of reward. I went with him, and he led me through St James' Park—on different sides of which are Buckingham Palace (the Queen's residence,) St. James' Palace, and Whitehall—to a low, frame building, near the Horse Guards, where the Car is kept with great care. It is made from cannon taken in several battles in which the Duke commanded, and was cast in either four or six different cities. Attached to it, are imitation horses, and these, together with the car, are covered with funeral drapings, so that it stands to-day just as it was used at the burial of the Duke. In taking me to this place, (which is seldom seen by strangers,) my guide walked so rapidly that I could scarcely keep up with him, and by the time we reached it, I was in a complete perspiration. He seemed to be a waiter by profession.

In visiting St. Paul's, and while climbing up into the ball, I made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, who afterwards proved of much service to me, in showing me through the city. St. Paul's has been so often and so ably described, that I will not attempt a description of it. The ticket-receiver in the dome, said that some American ladies had climbed clear up to the ball the day before—a feat that reflects great credit upon them, seeing that there are several perpendicular ladders to ascend, and that the upper hatchway is not more than a foot and a half in diameter.

During the succeeding days, I visited the Hospital and Observatory at Greenwich, Thames Tunnel, the Tower, Newgate, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, &c. Almost any one of these would require an entire sheet for a satisfactory description. The Tower is full of interest, but it calls up so many memories of bloody deeds, that it is almost painful to go through it. Here are representations of sovereigns and knights in the actual armor of the times to which they belonged—execution blocks, on which many a poor noble met his untimely fate—thumb-screws and other instruments of torture—weapons of every variety and age—a long catalogue of things which speak of centuries of barbarity. Here are also the crown jewels, the principal interest of which, in the eyes of the person who shows them, appears to be the fact that they are "valued at over three millions sterling." The "Painted Room" in Greenwich Hospital, contains, besides the beautiful frescoes which give it its name, many pictures of naval contests, and relics of distinguished commanders. The uniform worn by Nelson in the battle of the Nile, is shown, and the coat and waistcoat which he wore at Trafalgar, where he received his death-wound. Here are also the relics of Sir John Franklin, brought home by Dr. Rae a year or two ago, consisting of a watch, coins, spoons, knives, &c. By this time, you have no doubt received accounts of the success of the last expedition, (M'Clintock's,) in finding the remains of many of his party, and unfolding the entire mystery of their fate.

At Sydenham, I spent half a day in looking at the wonders of the Crystal Palace, and my visit was just satisfactory enough to be unsatisfactory; for, in half a day, one can only make a beginning of seeing what is there to be seen. The whole structure, together with its endless diversity of contents, seems rather the work of genii than of men. As it was the afternoon for the playing of the great fountains, there was more than the average number of visitors—probably not less than ten thousand—in the building at one time.

Before quitting London, the young Englishman already mentioned took me to see Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson lived and wrote—the house in which Goldsmith lodged for a long time in the extreme of poverty, in Green Arbor Court—the *Times* building, in Printing House Square—a part of the Old Wall of London (of which there are only a few fragments remaining,) in Little Bridge Street—and several other places of interest, that a stranger would have difficulty in finding. These Courts are reached by passing through long and narrow arched ways, or dirty alleys, such as one would not think of entering in our American cities. You would be surprised to see in what a place "The Times" is published—a low, dingy building, in a Court (called a "Square") off from the main streets—the last place which an American editor would think of selecting for an office. Yet here the greatest newspaper in the world is published, and hither, every morning, the noble and the ignoble may be seen hurrying to obtain the news. So, too, the greater part of the business of the city is transacted in the more unassuming streets—partly for the reason that the houses have been long established, some of them for centuries—partly because the English people are not so fond of display as we Americans.

In going through Pannier Alley, my friend pointed out a much worn stone tablet, set in the wall, on which there is a figure of a nude boy sitting on a coil of cable, and, below, the inscription:

WHEN V HAVE SOVGHT
THE CITTY ROVND
YET STILL THIS IS
THE HIGHST GROVND
AVGVST THE 27
1688.

("When you have sought
The city round,
Yet still this is
The highest ground.")

This was the highest point of the old city, but since it has spread so widely, and taken in so much of what was then the country, this spot can no longer assert its old claims.

Coming into "Paternoster Row" from Pannier Alley, and entering "Ave Maria" passage at the "Amen Corner," we soon reach Fleet Street, following which a short distance to the West we arrive at Temple Bar, beyond whose arches Fleet Street suddenly becomes the Strand. Adjoining the Bar, is the building mentioned so often by Dickens in his Tale of Two Cities, called Tellson's Bank—once the greatest bank in London. It is still used for the same purpose, I believe, but it no longer bears the name of Tellson's.

To a casual observer, there are few evidences of royalty to be seen in England, and little more of aristocracy than is seen in America. The people dress the same, have the same way of doing business, and nearly the same general habits, as our own; and were it not for the different style of architecture, and an occasional sign "To Her Majesty," one could readily imagine himself in New York when in London.

I was sorry to leave London so soon; for, although nearly worn out with constant going, I had to leave many things of interest unseen. But, remembering that I was losing time as well as money by tarrying there, I reluctantly bade adieu to the great city, and.....in my next you may look for some account of my trip to Hamburg by sea, and something of Vaterland.

T. C.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 29.—Hon. James C. Jones, Ex-Governor of this State, died in this city to day, after a lingering illness.

### Isaac G. Gordon, Esq.

A short time ago, this gentleman learned his trade in the Foundry at Lewisburg. His spare time was not spent in idleness, or foolish or frivolous amusements, but—breasting many discouragements, and surmounting every obstacle—he pursued the study of Law, and, having mastered it sufficiently, established himself in Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa., to practice that profession. He was this year taken up by our party for the Legislature, and was unexpectedly elected, receiving the highest vote of four candidates, as follows:

| | Gordon, Opp. | Benton, Adm. | Boyer, Adm. | Nichols Opp. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jefferson | 1257 | 818 | 837 | 1057 |
| Clearfield | 1224 | 1383 | 1414 | 1165 |
| M'Kean | 559 | 649 | 599 | 578 |
| Elk | 325 | 474 | 446 | 351 |
| Totals | 3365 | 3324 | 3296 | 3151 |

A friend in another county, writes to us respecting Mr. Gordon's election—

"This result is fortunate for the people, as well as for the Opposition: for Mr. Gordon is one of the leading citizens in the Clearfield district, and a gentleman of the highest integrity, as well as personal popularity. No one stands higher in the community, or at the bar, in Union county, than does Mr. G. in Jefferson. I was at his home in November last. It is on a hill just above the starring town, with ample grounds around it, very tastefully arranged for pleasure and comfort. Just east of the mansion house is an observatory, with a telescope principally of his own workmanship, where he seeks occasional recreation and relief from onerous professional labors, as an amateur astronomer. Lewisburg has reason to pride herself upon the reputation and success of one of her own sons, who but a few years since went out from her midst to seek his fortune and make his mark in the world."

The *Reporter*, the only paper in Elk county, pays the highest compliments to Mr. Gordon. A useful and honorable career, we trust, is before him.

### FRUITS OF TYRANNY.

#### Harper's Ferry Raid—Public Opinion.

It is an old maxim, verified by a world's history, that "*Oppression will make a wise man, mad.*" The annals of Slavery in the United States, show for it almost continued and unpunished *oggression*. No outrages committed by the Slave Power, were ever well rebuked by the Government. Were the laws executed properly, thousands of the Slave party would ere this have "bit the dust" from a deadly shot or thrust, or "dangled in the air" for treason. Any amount of money is expended to catch a slave—any number of soldiers ordered to enforce a slave law—but nothing to restore to liberty, and none to secure freedom.

The recent lamentable affair at Harper's Ferry, is the natural result of the outrages in Kansas, three years ago. It was the reaction of excited minds against the dreadful cruelties and ravages committed against their homes and families when they were peaceful settlers in the far-off West. What a tremendous responsibility rests upon those who supported and vindicated those outrages, and especially upon the sworn officers of the government! An article in the Phila. *North American* closes as follows:

"In truth, the whole of this bloody drama is a sequel of the border outrages of which we all read and condemned, first to last. From the far western plains, the scene has been shifted to the centre of the older States. The actors are the very men who figured in Kansas. There they learned the lesson, and imbibed the spirit, of which they now make a display. Long ago, we pointed out what would be the consequence of the feud that existed in the disputed territory. We saw from the first, as everybody else not blinded by partizan zeal must have seen, that the difficulties in Kansas must issue in deadly collision. But we little imagined that the stage was to be transferred to Virginia, and that a systematic effort would be made there to carry off large masses of slaves, by the very men trained to border warfare by their Kansas experience."

The *Sunday Transcript* makes some pertinent comments upon this affair and its causes, and rebukes those who endeavor to saddle the whole North with the responsibility. We quote as follows:

"All reasonable and good citizens, of all parties, sternly denounce the deed of Brown and his followers; but to those newspapers and politicians who are trying to make capital out of this affair, we suggest the obvious fact that pro-slavery violation is responsible for it. The Harper's Ferry riot is the direct result of the outrages perpetrated by the Border Ruffians in Kansas. These miscreants first taught to Brown and his men the lesson of *violence for opinion's sake*. They *murdered* old Brown's sons, *ravaged* his home, *hunted him like a wild beast*, and *made him crazy* from sufferings. Let those papers and politicians who are clamoring for the blood of an old man, remember Stringfellow, Atchison, Clark, Buford, Calhoun, &c., &c. Let them remember Preston S. Brooks, his outrage on a Senator—his public threat to raise a band, attack the Capitol, and seize the United States moneys. Let them remember the sack of the town of Lawrence, the murder of Dow, and Philips, and Barber, and numerous other Free State men, by villians who were *then and afterwards in office under the Federal Government*. Let them remember the attempts to force the people of Kansas to accept a hateful Constitution. Let them remember the murder of David C. Broderick. These outrages are not sufficient excuse or palliation of Brown. But they ought to teach politicians, that, in this question of violence and blood, *there are two sides*."

The truth is, if the political history of the time must be explored for the cause of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, we must go back to the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The North and South were pitted against each other in the Territory of Kansas, like a pair of gladiators, and by that measure some of the combatants naturally retained the passions engendered by the fierce conflicts precipitated by the "popular sovereignty" policy. Brown is one of these. All accounts agree in representing him as once a mild, religious man, but now partially insane, and in attributing his insanity to the fate which befell his family in Kansas. Were the Republicans as reckless as the Democratic press, it would not hesitate to hold the "principles of the Kansas Nebraska bill," Senator Douglas, and the Democratic party, responsible for the blood which has been shed at Harper's Ferry. But the *Baltimore American*, after saying that "it is difficult to decide whether the Harper's Ferry outbreak should be called a ludicrous tragedy, or a solemn farce," truly says:

"It is perfectly idle to say the least, to turn such an event into political capital. No party would dream of endorsing these or similar atrocities; and it is a poor and unworthy class of tactics that would seek to fasten the responsibility anywhere else than upon the misguided actors themselves. Whatever may be the supposed *tendency* of avowed *principles*, no organization, worthy of the name, has ever counselled violent resistance of the law in the slave territory."

The *Star*, Douglas' organ in Washington city, having in a low, dastardly article, endeavored to excite a mob against the editors and subscribers of the two Republican papers (the *Era* and *Republic*) in that city, the Washington National Republican Association, at a large and spirited meeting, denounced alike the incendiary article in that paper, and the fool-hardy attempt of Brown. The National *Intelligencer*, however, said that was unnecessary, as the character and principles of the Republicans are a sufficient refutation of any such charge.

The letter of Gerrit Smith, found among old Ossawatomie's papers, did not mention an inclosure of money to assist in murder and robbery. Mr. Smith is a fanatic, but not, in our opinion, a depraved man. If any of his money was used, as probably it was, in the Harper's Ferry insurrection, we have no doubt it was obtained under false pretences.—*Louisville Journal*.

Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, received an anonymous note, over a month since, stating that Harper's Ferry would be attacked by a band of conspirators. He paid no attention to it, not even making any additional security to the U. S. Arsenal there.

"It will most surely have a great effect on the New York election next month, perhaps placing the political power of that State in the hands of the Democracy."—*Charleston Mercury*.

Was it with the hope of carrying the New York and Maryland elections, that Mr. Floyd pocketed that letter, and old Brown (according to the Washington *Star*,) was placed under the eye of the police in Washington, last August!—*Baltimore Patriot*.

—The further this subject is pursued, the worse it will appear for the Democracy. Who raised armies in Missouri, Georgia, &c., openly and aboveboard, and invaded Kansas, stuffing ballot-boxes and committing worse outrages? Who are every day fitting out ships to invade Africa for Slaves? Who organize bands to fillibuster upon Cuba, Central America and Mexico? Who sent troops over the Texas line, and raised volunteers throughout the Union, to help invade Mexico when we were at peace with her? Who were the Nullifiers with all their resistance and outrages of U. S. laws? Who yearly maltreat, abuse, or murder anti-slavery men in the South? Almost every week, we read of armed men coming—without law—from Slave to Free States, and forcibly seizing and carrying away men into slavery, frequently resulting in the loss of life! All these illegal, treasonable and murderous acts are perpetrated by "Democrats" and excused or passed over by that party. How ridiculous—how infamously absurd and diabolical—for *such* men and *that* party to charge Republicans with the act of a crazy man which all our party with one accord spontaneously and most solemnly repudiate!!

FAMILY LONGEVITY.—The *Democrat* of Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa., not long since gave the following notice of a family of sisters, distant relatives of ours. We are informed that the father of the triplets met an accidental death when they were quite young, but they were well reared by a noble specimen of a true Yankee woman.—W.

"On the 26th of March, 1788, at Goshen, Litchfield Co., Ct., three sisters were born at one birth. They are living yet, at the mature age of 70 years. One is Mrs. Grennell, widow of Michael Grennell, late of Clinton, this county; she now resides in Rushville, Susquehanna county. Another, widow of Theron Luddington, lives in Texas township, this county. The third is Mrs. Bushnell, wife of Pope Bushnell, Esq., of Dyberry township, Wayne county. They were daughters of Gideon Hurlburt, by his wife, whose maiden name was Amanda Beach. They are all hale, hearty old ladies. We doubt if another instance similar to this can be found in the whole country."

The New York *Observer* says, "Terry, the murderer of Broderick, is the man whose anti-Sunday decision was hailed with much satisfaction a few years ago by the enemies of the Sabbath." If it be the same Terry, no one need be surprised at a Judge descending from the bench to engage in the murder of a fellow being—for the same God who declared "Thou shalt not kill," also enjoined, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," &c.

ONE GREAT TRUTH.—The laws of France divide farms among children, and there are now 250,000 farms of less than five acres each. Germany, England, &c. &c., have also many farmers and gardeners who make good livings with small outlays on farms of a few acres. Happy and more prosperous will American farmers be, with fewer acres, better cultivated!